

ALBUQUERQUE EVENING HERALD
Successor to Tribune Citizen.
A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.
BY THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

Published every afternoon except
Sunday at 122-124 North Second
Street, Albuquerque, N. M.

Entered as second-class matter
March 7, 1911, at the postoffice at
Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

One month by mail..... 50 cents
One month by carrier..... 60 cents
One year by mail..... \$5.00
One year by carrier..... \$6.00

Telephone 67.

CALL FOR MEETING OF NEW
MEXICO REPUBLICAN CEN-
TRAL COMMITTEE.

A call is hereby made for a meeting of the members of the Territorial Republican Central Committee to be held at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1911, for the transaction and consideration of such business as may be deemed proper.

Each and every member of the committee is especially requested to attend in person. All persons throughout the territory, having the interests of the republicans at heart, are invited to be present.

H. O. BURRUM,

Attn:

JONES D. SENN,

Secretary.

CALL FOR MEETING OF REPUB-
LICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE
OF BERNALILLO COUNTY.

The Bernalillo county committee of the Republican party is hereby called to meet at the office of Mann & Venable in the city of Albuquerque on Monday morning, August 28, 1911, at 10 o'clock a.m., to discuss matters of importance for the interest of the party in Bernalillo county.

The following is a list of the members of the committee and of the executive committee.

Members Bernalillo County Repub-
lican Central Committee.

Precinct No. 1—Louis Trujillo, Benito Anaya, Albuquerque.

Precinct No. 2—Antonio Garcia, Armando, N. M.

Precinct No. 3—Francisco Lujero y Montoya, Alameda, N. M.

Precinct No. 4—Santiago Garcha, Alameda, N. M.

Precinct No. 5—J. R. Sanchez, Eliseo C. Chavez, Albuquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 6—Ramon Padilla, Padilla, N. M.

Precinct No. 7—Dario Chavez, Al-
buquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 8—David M. Perez, Los Griegos, N. M.

Precinct No. 9—Policarpio Armijo, Armijo, N. M.

Precinct No. 10—Filomeno Mar-
chini, N. M.

Precinct No. 11—N. F. Chavez,
Pazos, N. M.

Precinct No. 12—Tom Duran, Al-
buquerque, N. M.; Julian Perez, Jesus
Romero, Old Albuquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 14—Nicola Herrera,
Albuquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 22—Carlos Gringo, Al-
buquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 23—Manuel Gonzalez
y Lopez, Albuquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 28—Jose Savedra, Ar-
mijo, N. M.

Precinct No. 34—Anastacio Gutierrez, Chiffi, N. M.

Precinct No. 25—Melchoriano Chaves, Old Albuquerque, N. M.

Precinct No. 12—D. M. Ferguson,
A. E. Walker, A. B. Strong, George
S. Klock, D. S. Roosevelt, Albuquerque,
N. M.

Precinct No. 36—H. F. Reynolds,
E. A. Hinckley, W. H. Gillenwater, W.
W. Strong, D. A. Boatright, Albu-
querque, N. M.

St. George—J. T. McLaughlin.

Elected—Committee—George S.
Klock, A. B. Strong, H. F. Reynolds,
M. H. Sommers, N. Martinez, P. A. Hinckley, J. M. Sandoway, J. T.
McLaughlin, Amadoro, Candelaria,
George Arredondo, T. H. Duran, A. E.
Walker, Francisco Lujero y Montoya,
Jesus Romero, C. F. Wade, D. M.
Ferguson, W. S. Brewster, M. L.
Stock, W. A. George, John Borrell,
date.

All members of the committee are
requested to be present, as well as
members of the executive committee
and all Republicans generally.

EDWARD A. MANN,
Chairman Bernalillo County Repub-
lican Central Committee.

D. M. FERGUSON,
Secretary Pro-Tem.

HOW ABOUT ANDREWS?

Many are now to the point of some
dissertation that the people of Bernalillo county were not enthu-
siastic about the Gillenwater deal
the most important thing pulled off at
the junta in old town yesterday was
the adoption of a stereotyped resolution
endorsing Delegate Andrews and
thanking him for getting stashed.

In trying to head Delegate Andrews
onto his band wagon the Morning
Journal appears to have undertaken
a big job in view of its remarks in
the past on the venerable delegate
in contrast from New Mexico. In
view of the declaration of a few days
ago that the man of stashed was
worn by the people and not by Mr. An-
drews or anybody else except the
Morning Journal, that paper appears
to have gotten itself into a rather
complicated situation.

It declares that it is now for Mr.
Andrews and endorses the work of
the Gillenwater committee even to
the extent of publishing a resolution
which specifically states that Mr. An-
drews got stashed.

Once again the morning paper has
its wires twisted. It ought to ex-
plain to the people that when it said

some months ago that Delegate An-
drews was a professional politician
one might be so deceived that if made
a mistake, since the electorate de-
cided more must be one of "we, the
people" or the morning paper could
never credit him with having actu-
ally said stashed.

It is possible, of course, that when
the typewritten resolution was sub-
sequently sprung upon the public yester-
day, it was the Junta Andrews and
proclaiming that he it was who got
stashed. The actors chairman sus-
pect something over on the morning
paper.

It will be possible to put the ex-
-governor and the delegate in congress
in the same boat without the crowd
being kicked off, but the chances are
it won't work.

In the event the morning paper
deserves recommendation for its tact,
firmness and completely settling the
question as to who got stashed. The
morning paper took care Mr. Andrews
not in and of course the morning
paper can show you Mr. Andrews's
resolution if you don't believe it.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A venerable physician of Indianapolis
drove up in old household mem-
orandum book the other day, when he
was rambling around in his carret.
His wife had kept her accounts in it
when they were first married 40 or
50 years ago. As he looked over it
his jaws came apart and he nearly
had a fit. The prices of groceries
and meat shot such things, as set
down in that book, when compared
with the prices of the present time,
were enough to make a man sick in
a riot suit to the police station.

The grand old doctor carried his
hot pack to the office of the Daily
News and the editor read it and made
a story of it. Think of having a dressed
chicken for 15 cents! Think of
buying a large cured ham for \$1.50!

The doctor used to do it in the bal-
conies when he began housekeeping.
When he considered such figures
and then looked at the last bills he
received from the grocer and was
unable to feel like resorting to vice.

But the doctor failed to make due
allowance for the fact that if the
butcher and grocer get more for
their wares nowadays, so do the phy-
sicians. People usually purge such
things when bewailing the grand old
days. Is that the old gentleman had
the usual experience of the doctors
of 30 years ago, he must know that
a similar them looked as big to him
as Ferris wheel. He probably had
to make long journeys into the country
to earn a few dollars and then
wait a year or two before he got them.

Doctors, like editors and many others,
had to take out a good share of their
earnings in trade, and the sight of real
men was unusual. The average doctor of today can afford to pay
\$10 for a ham better than his
grandfather could afford to pay \$1.50.

Everything we eat and wear costs
a great deal more than it used to cost
when the world was young and happy,
but our earning capacity has in-
creased correspondingly and so
there's really no kick coming.

TEST WE FORGE.

With the advent of statehood New
Mexico has suddenly been buried into
the mire of a political campaign.
The newspapers are full of it, the
people are talking about it and the
politicians and office seekers are
back on the job.

But throughout this great new state
one of the summer joys of her his-
tory is ready for harvest. The fruits
of the orchards are being loaded into
cars to take the first place in the
markets of the nation. The cattle
and sheep on the ranges are fat and
in excellent condition to meet the winter.

The sky is as blue as only a New
Mexico sky can be and the air is the
purer that heaven breathes. So
white we are grilling our beans for
the political battle royal let us hope
long enough to remember that the
great opportunities of this great new
state must be developed. The vacant
lands must be peopled and filled. The
wealth concealed in the mountains
must be mined. New industries must
be built up and cities must replace
many villages and towns.

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It's last call at the Golden Rule's
August Cash Sale. This memorable
summer merchandising event will
close tomorrow evening, the feature
specials for the day being stylish
ready-to-wear goods at prices that are
absolutely irresistible. There are
still lots of number of splendid sale
values in other departments, and it
is safe to say that these will be
snapped up before the day is over.

Men are such rude things, said
the supercilious girl.

"Has any of them dated to address
you without an introduction?"

"No. But in a crowd one got his
face all mixed up with my hairpins
and never even said excuse me!"—
Washington Star.

And despite the fact that Mr. Fer-
guson and Mr. Strong are in bad
standing with the junta, they appear
to have run into remarkably well.

Did the Roswell Morning News get
out an extra, too, when the report of
the "opening gun" echoed down the
Pecos valley?

Anybody having toy cannons should
leave them at the morning paper. It
may be necessary to fire another
"opening gun" almost any time.

The wonderful bursts of enthusiasm

at that junta yesterday made a noise
almost as loud as the opening gun.

Extra—The first gun has been
fired on there now. PING!

PING!

Paradise Lost.
When prospector Bill tried of earthly
existence.

Of tramping the hills and the deserts
with Fate.

He gave up the struggle with little
success.

And hit the long trail to the great
seas gate.

St. Peter, one eye in the peephole
watched Bill.

And what have you done to earn cast
in the field?

BILL answered with visions of Heaven
dented him.

I perplex earth's deserts by locating
gold.

A prospectus' "secret" his voice was
answering.

Gold pilgrim" he questioned. "Has
never told me gold."

Time Heaven is full of your brethren
already.

They ruin my streets digging holes
to find gold.

Old Bill searched his head, then a
glam in his features.

Just but me come in he entreated
I know.

A way to sit Heaven or all of those
evacuates.

And taking I promise to get out and
go.

St. Peter looked puzzled, half gazing
at Bill.

If only you could Bill," he said with
a sigh.

You know not the trouble with which
you are coming.

Bill any how enter you might as well

try.

The portal swings open, Bill lost not
a minute.

Approaching the culprit all digging
pell-mell.

I spread the hole fiction for all there
was fit.

That gold had been struck in the very
center of Hell.

And then something happened as Bill
had expected.

Believing the yarn of this angel pro-
phet.

The mad throng stampeded and Heaven
was created.

Began a wild race to the devil's own
realm.

Well done said the Saint, in his
happiest humor.

But Bill, he continued in words
tense and low.

Could they, Heaven's shrewdest, be
taught by a canary.

Perhaps there is gold in the realm
down below.

Bill took one long breath as an angel
immortal.

Yet saw the wild tumult? Yet heard
the diabolical roar?

"Good grief," he yelled back as he
dashed through the portal.

And brought up the rear on the high
way to hell.

ALBERT OWEN NICHOLE.

PING!

The opening gun has been fired.

Morning Paper.